

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

FORMER EL PASOAN KILLED NEAR MIAMI

Relatives Here of G. L. Casey Receive News of His Death.

G. L. Casey, a Santa Fe brakeman, well known in this city, was killed at Miami, Tex., 50 miles from Amarillo, Tuesday, according to a telegram received here by his relatives. Efforts have been made to determine the cause of death, but no information has been received from Amarillo further than that the body is being prepared for shipment and will probably reach here Friday.

Mr. Casey was at one time employed on the G. H. and later on the El Paso division of the Santa Fe, having been transferred to Amarillo a short time ago. He was well known in El Paso. The deceased, who was 29 years old last July, leaves two children, Edwin Eugene, aged 8 years, and Garfield, aged 5, both boys, and a divorced wife, Mrs. J. H. Sharp, of Bisbee, Arizona. Besides these, he is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Casey, the latter making her home with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Amberson, on Myrtle avenue, while his father is in Los Angeles. His brother, J. P. Casey, Jr., resides in El Paso, as do his sisters, Mrs. C. P. Hunt and Mrs. W. J. Amberson. Other sisters surviving are Mrs. W. H. Patton, of Chicago; Mrs. E. E. Brooks, of Prescott, Ark.; Mrs. R. V. Allen, of Monita, Cal.; Mrs. J. J. Garvey, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Hot Clam Bouillon with salt sprays Elite Confectionery Co.

Saturday!—Snyder Jewelry Co.

THIS MAN IS THE HIGHEST FLYER

J. Armstrong Drexel, who broke the world's height record. The young multimillionaire recently sailed above



Philadelphia, his native town, to a height of 3870 feet, beating the record of 3751 feet made lately by the ill-fated Johnstone. Drexel navigated a Blériot monoplane, which he borrowed for the occasion from Graham-White, the English barman.

Pure Flavorings

DR. PRICE'S
DELICIOUS
Flavoring
Extracts

Vanilla
Lemon
Orange
Rose, etc.

have been given the preference and are now used and appreciated by millions of housewives who have used them for half a century.

Dorothy Dix Says Kissing May Be Love's Death.

A MAN who was recently haled into court for wife desertion declares that he was driven from home by his spouse's excessive demonstrations of affection.

"Why, judge," he exclaimed, "when I came home one evening from work and when I was starting to work of a morning, she would kiss me for ten minutes at a time. It made me sick. I just got so I couldn't stand it any more, and so I beat it."

Can you blame him?

There is a whole bunch of morals in this true tale, and women who are the chief offenders in the osculatory line, would do well to take a few of them to heart.

The most obvious lesson is, of course, that any one can get too much of a good thing, even of love, and that kisses by wholesale are not so desirable as by retail. You can smother affection to death by too many caresses just as you could drown a person in a vat of molasses.

It would be a sweet death, but it would be death, all the same.

Women are wholesale murderers of love, not by intention, but through ignorance. Their craving for affection and the indications thereof are so insatiable that they cannot understand that man's tastes are different, and that he cares only for love as a relish, not for the whole meal.

Men, at least those of the Anglo-Saxon breed, are also chary of demonstrations. As Kipling says, "they do not kiss nor fall on the neck when they come together," as women do. They don't grab up every baby and kiss its unfortunate head off after making their value a kiss in proportion to its parity, whereas a woman estimates the worth of a kiss as a proof of affection in direct ratio to its frequency.

All of this is merely by way of saying that men are not kissers by nature, and women are; that men are not demonstrative of their affection, while women are, and that the women who persist in showering caresses on men make the mistake of their lives, for the men are not pleased thereby. They are bored, satiated, disgusted.

It was a man who voiced the eternal masculine protest against too many kisses when he cried out: "Stay me with figs, feed me on apples, for I am sick of love!"

There are a great many misguided women who think that because they happen to be engaged, or married, they have a right to exhibit toward their fiancés, or husbands, as much affection as they please. Alas, they are the victims of their own errors!

Many a man runs the risk of a breach of promise suit rather than face the prospect of a life that will be over-supplied with kisses, and many a husband is driven from home to save himself from being loved to death.

The second moral of this story is that in kissing the man should always be the kisser and the woman the kissee. This holds good both before and after marriage. A man only takes an interest in kissing as long as the kisses have to be stolen. The minute a woman's lips are offered to him he takes kissing out of the pleasure class and puts it on the duty list.

Young women often write to this department and ask if they should permit young men to kiss them. Never! The girl who doesn't positively refuse to let a man kiss her is an idiot. And she is likely not to get kissed at all. It's always the kiss for which a man has to risk his neck for which he is willing to climb. The one that is prof-

fered him at the front door he dodges. Matrimony does not change a man's nature, and it's the wise wife who turns over the kissing job in the family to her husband. If you will observe, you will perceive that it is always the cool, indifferent kind of wives whose husbands continue to be lovers after marriage, whereas only too often the warm-hearted, affectionate, demonstrative woman, who is a record kisser, has to bestow her kisses on a husband who is as unresponsive as a graven image.

The third moral to this story is that to be welcome kisses must be given at the psychological moment. This also is a point that women often fail to take into consideration. The most enamored man on earth doesn't want to be stopped and kissed when he is in the midst of some engrossing piece of work on which his whole mind and soul are concentrated. Nor does he pine for kisses when he is hungry—what he craves is beef and potatoes, instead of tokens of affection.

To my mind there is no more deadly foe to real love than the insane convention that has made it the proper thing for a husband and wife to bestow a meaningless kiss upon each other every morning when the man starts to his business.

It is a kiss utterly without sentiment, a kiss flavored with bacon and ham, a perfunctory kiss that is received in a perfunctory manner and that is as likely to hit the back of the woman's hair or the end of her nose as it is her lips.

He is thinking, "I've got to hurry or I'll miss my car, but this is something that I've got to get through with," and she is thinking about her housekeeping, or what the children are doing, or the shopping she is going to do, and both of them hustle through the little ceremony and are glad when it's over.

And poor Cupid, observing it, turns up his little toes to the daisies! and chants a requiem over the kiss that was, and the kiss that is.

"Iconoclasts! Profaners of sacred things! Idiots!" he cries. "Better one kiss a year that is warm with real love and thrilling with fire, than a million kisses that are nothing but the touch of dead lips!"

Scientists tell us that kissing is one of the most dangerous amusements known to humanity. This being the case, it is earnestly to be desired that the practice of kissing should be discouraged, that the over-kisser should be suppressed.

After all, kissing is mostly a habit—and a bad one.

THE MANICURE LADY

SHE WANTS TO JOIN A VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

"I WENT to a vaudeville show when I was up to San Antonio to the fair," said the Manicure Lady, "and I couldn't help thinking, as I watched all of them going through their different stunts, how easy it ought to be for a girl with half an education and a little nerve to jump in and make good on the stage."

"Goodness knows, George, if I had anything like a good sketch and a good, handsome heavy man to play across from me, I could have them audiences standing on their heads, and no doubt about it, either. Once I started, the act would be sure fire."

"Well," said the Head Barber, "why don't you start out? I am good enough and heavy enough, and maybe you and me might hit it off great! I used to be on the stage, back in Pawpaw, Kansas. We played a piece called 'Over

the River,' and I played the boatman that took them all across."

Real, Serious Stuff.

"This isn't kidding with me, George," said the Manicure Lady; "this is real, serious stuff. It ought to be easy for a good, clean sketch with some sun-tan and a little humor in it, to get a laurel. I was thinking that maybe I could get Garnett King, who comes in often, you know, to get manicure, to write me a little sketch and maybe I could, a Frank Rich to dig me up a good, handsome leading man. I wouldn't be very particular about his acting. Just so he knows how to talk fairly good English, so that it can be heard, and just so that he comes from a good family, is the only things I would expect from him. I just know that Garnett could write the sketch."

Her Kind of a Sketch.

"Folks ought to know quite a little about the stage before they try to write or act plays," said the sage Head Barber.

"That's where you're wrong, George," corrected the Manicure Lady. "It ain't talent that counts nowadays; it's looks. I never laid no claim to talent, but I think that I can say without no fear of successful contradiction that I am here with the appearance, as you will admit, George. And you have often said that I have a soft, low voice. I was played in a society playlet would be the right kind of a sketch, with me as the injured wife."

"Mr. King ought to be able to put in the right lines, because he has a friend that came home one night and found a note pinned on the tablecloth. The

note began: 'Dear Husband That Was—' and that was as far as his friend read."

"You had better keep on paring nails," said the Head Barber. "All of them actresses write stories for the Sunday papers, saying that the stage is packed full of them pitfalls and snares."

"Yes," said the Manicure Lady, "and now and then I find a pitfall or a snare hanging around a barber shop."

Saturday!—Snyder Jewelry Co.

THE UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR.

"Rough on Rats," a powder. Do your own mixing, pay for poison only, then you get results, for Roaches, Ants, Mice, Rats, etc. See directions how to use in out-buildings. 15c, 25c, 75c.

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

LET YOUR STOMACH HAVE ITS OWN WAY.

Do Not Try to Drive and Force it to Work When It Is Not Able or You Will Suffer All the More.

You cannot treat your stomach as some men treat a balky horse; force, drive or even starve it into doing work at which it rebels. The stomach is a patient and faithful servant and will stand much abuse and ill-treatment before it "balks," but when it does you had better go slow with it and not attempt to make it work. Some people have the mistaken idea that they can make their stomachs work by starving themselves. They might cure the stomach that way, but it would take so long that they would have no use for a stomach when they got through. The sensible way out of the difficulty is to let the stomach rest if it wants to and employ a substitute to do its work.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work of your stomach for you and digest your food just as your stomach used to when it was well. You can prove this by putting your food in a glass jar with one of the tablets and sufficient water and you will see the food digested in just the same time as the digestive fluids of the stomach would do it. That will satisfy your mind. Now, to satisfy both your mind and body take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating—eat all as what you eat. Right now, if you feel in your mind that your food is working digested because you will feel no disturbance or weight in your stomach; in fact, you will forget all about having a stomach, just as you did when you were a healthy boy or girl.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act in a natural way because they contain only the natural elements of the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach. It makes no difference what condition the stomach is in, they go right ahead of their own accord and do their work. They know their business and surrounding conditions do not influence them in the least. They thus relieve the weak stomach of all its burdens and give it its much-needed rest and permit it to become strong and healthy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale at all drug stores for 50 cents a box. They are so well known and their popularity is so great that a druggist would as soon think of being out of alcohol or quinine as of them. In fact, physicians are prescribing them all over the land, and if your own doctor is real honest with you, he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

HOTEL HELP TO BE TRAINED IN SCHOOL

(Continued From Previous Page.)

the dinner. He returned to America the day after the banquet.

The Largest Banquet.

Perhaps the largest banquet ever given took place in Paris in 1905, when covers were laid for 56,000 people. At this feast 25,000 quarts of wine, 15,000 quarts of ale and 10,000 quarts of champagne were consumed, to say nothing of the 70 tons of solid food. It required 2,500 waiters to serve the banquet. One of America's largest banquets was held in St. Louis in honor of the victory of Herbert S. Hadley in the race for the governorship of that state a few years ago. This banquet cost \$5,000 with an extra allowance for help and equipment. Another American banquet held at Springfield, Illinois, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln cost \$20,000, or \$25 a plate.

New York is the greatest hotel city in the world. It is estimated that \$174,000,000 is invested in hotel property there. The task of provisioning the 215 principal hotels on Manhattan Island is a large one under ordinary circumstances, but when the stewards have to provide for 300,000 more people than they expected, as was the case during the Hudson-Fulton celebration, it becomes a task indeed. During that celebration the hotels and restaurants of the city bought 900,000 rollers, 200,000 soup chickens, 25,000,000 eggs, 4,000,000 pounds of lamb, 15,000,000 pounds of beef, 2,500,000 pounds of pork, 3,000,000 pounds of scale fish, 500,000 lobsters and 15,000,000 oysters. New York will probably furnish more pupils to the new hotel university than any other two cities in the country.

Tomorrow—Meeting of Congress.



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TEXAS & MESA
To X-Mas Shoppers

Our store is brimful of the most beautiful Christmas Gifts ever assembled in El Paso. Notwithstanding the high character and quality of everything offered, prices are attractively low.

Everything Marked In Plain Figures

Silberberg
TEXAS & MESA
The Mere Thought of Buying a Diamond Should Suggest Silberberg's.

—Copyright, 1910.

Everybody Get in Line

"Boosters' Day"

December 1

Join the Chamber of Commerce. Some one has said that a city is just what its individual citizens make it, which means, friend, if every one is not up and doing this city of ours is not progressing as it ought to.

You are perhaps aware that a Chamber of Commerce is created to push a city into the limelight and must have your assistance to do it.

Government Hill Company

Fortunatus Questions His Daddy

Say, daddy, when do the first permanent teeth come through?

Usually about 5 or 6 years of age, but before any of the "baby set" are shed a child cuts 4 permanent molars called "6th year molars."

Dr. H. A. Magruder
DENTIST

I DON'T WORRY FOR NEGROES
Our 9th year in El Paso. Plaza Block



HINTS ON HUMAN NATURE.
By Frances L. Garside.

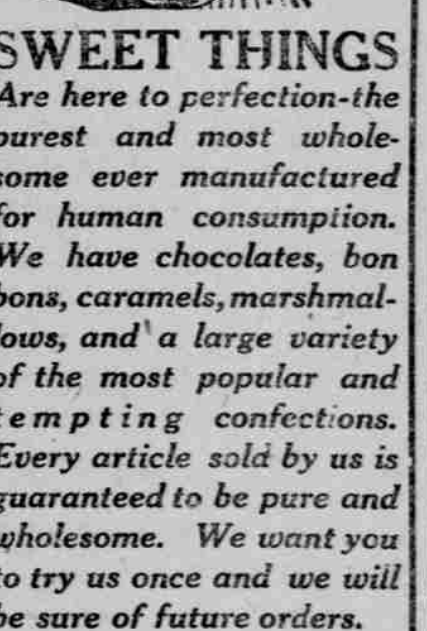
EVERY time a father gets a hundred dollars saved up, his wife discovers that another of the children has talent which should be "encouraged."

One of the first tragedies a boy causes his mother is when he has grown so big she can't go out after him when he misbehaves and yank him home.

The Spartan boy who concealed the stolen fox in his breast, though it ate his vitals, did nothing remarkable; we are all heroic when we have something disgraceful to conceal.

The most noticeable result of sending a daughter away to school is that it increases the number of places for her to go visiting when her school days are over.

When a man gets religion, his wife's efforts in getting a good meal decrease.



SWEET THINGS
Are here to perfection—the purest and most wholesome ever manufactured for human consumption. We have chocolates, bonbons, caramels, marshmallows, and a large variety of the most popular and tempting confections. Every article sold by us is guaranteed to be pure and wholesome. We want you to try us once and we will be sure of future orders.

SPECIAL SALES DAILY.

McCullough
The Sanitary Confectioner
Opp. Postoffice.

DRINK MILK
Drink Lots of it

It's pure, rich, sweet. It's good, and good for your system. It's nature's purest food drink. It's a health food.

Many families use three to five quarts per day.

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